



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21-23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



ANOTHER "BOYCOTT."

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.50
One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.25
(England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$6.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 3.00
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers, - - - - - 1.50

INCL. POSTAGE.

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BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The late Mr. Hendricks will be best remembered as one of the few pure and upright men who have deliberately supported the low and vicious system of politics against which the reformers of our time are arrayed. He was honest, upright, intelligent and well-meaning, according to his lights. But he frankly and openly gave adherence to what is called the "spoils idea"—that is, he looked upon republican government as a game of grab, and his party meant to him only an organization for the purpose of securing and distributing public offices. There are men enough who hold this "idea." But they are mostly men of the baser sort, who want to make money, and prefer to make it dishonestly and safely. If they were not politicians they would be gamblers or thieves or bunco-steerers or stock-jobbers. Some of them combine such occupations with the pursuit of public office.

Mr. Hendricks had, personally, nothing in common with these men. After a long and busy life, he dies leaving but a moderate fortune; and nobody doubts that he earned his money by hard work. The force of his example and the strength of his energetic labor all went to benefit men who were as dishonest and conscienceless as he was honest and conscientious. He inverted his own private code of morals when he acted as a politician; he approved of methods wholly indefensible on any ground of moral ethics—and yet he himself sought to gain nothing that was not his own. Of course, his association lent a certain respectability to the men with whom and for whom he worked. Thus he exerted a mischievous influence. The Blaines and Belknaps and Babcocks are easily understood, as natural products of our degraded and corrupted political life. But the future historian who undertakes to draw the character of Thomas A. Hendricks will wonder what led him to cast his lot with men who held the lowest possible standard of commercial morality.

For eight months we have had as President and Vice-President two men of unimpeachable integrity, holding theories of government absolutely opposed to each other. President Cleve-

land, believing that public office is a public trust, has worked with splendid courage to give the country a clean, business-like, useful civil-service. Vice-President Hendricks, holding public office to be simply so much property, useful for purposes of traffic, did, in a negative way, what he could to show his lack of sympathy with his colleague. He did not accomplish much, perhaps, as far as positive action goes; but the effects of his unconcealed opposition have been serious. Any one can see why men of the Blaine stamp oppose civil-service reform. It is not strange that the Hills and Sterlings and Heddens and Higgineses should join hands in opposition to President Cleveland and his policy of honesty. If he succeeds in purifying the public service, and in making the purification a permanent thing, the chosen occupation of these men is gone forever. They will have to look for a living to the business world, where they know that their methods will never be tolerated.

So their opposition goes for very little, with thinking men. But Mr. Hendricks belonged to a better class of politicians. He would have been acceptable as a member of any class of business men. And when he sneered at the ideas of the civil-service reformers, and upheld the Hill and Sterling sort of politicians, people who knew him and trusted in his honesty had some warrant for thinking that he represented the common-sense element in political life, and that Mr. Cleveland and his independent friends were led away by chimerical notions.

Men of Mr. Hendricks's kind are daily growing fewer. The bulk of the spoilsmen with whom we have to contend are out-and-out professional plunderers. Yet it is possible, in the odd chances of the hour, that the succession to the Vice-Presidency may fall to a man who stands to the spoilsmen of the Republican party in much the same position as that which Mr. Hendricks occupied toward the Bourbon Democrats. The Honorable John A. Logan is another honest and clean-handed upholder of the spoils idea. He is not so intelligent as Mr. Hendricks was, for Mr. Hendricks was intelligent, though not brilliant; but then he is more noisy, is Mr. Logan. We sincerely trust that we shall not have to suffer the infliction of Mr. Logan in the "tail of the ticket." If we must have a Republican Vice-President, to offset our Democratic President, let us have a statesman and not a spoilsman. Let us have Senator Edmunds.

It is only a question of time when this country gets tired of paying a dollar for seventy-five cents' worth of value-received, simply in order that Pennsylvania may be protected. The one great and important source of the howl for high tariff is the state that pays its protected laborers fifty cents a day—and less—for work in the mines. And in order that the protected Pennsylvania laborer may have the inestimable privilege of working for the protecting Pennsylvania capitalist at this rate of payment, all the other inhabitants of the United States are obliged to pay high prices for their clothing, for the tools and machinery they use in their business, and for a large portion of their daily food.

The Minotaur was a classic monster who exacted tribute of human flesh. In his habits and tastes he was a fair prototype of the Penn-

sylvania Protectionist. But the Minotaur had to be fed only once a year, and the Protection monster drains the blood of the country from January first to December thirty-first, and the Hon. Samuel J. Randall does the catering for him. Is not the satisfaction of his appetite a rather expensive luxury for even a full-blooded country?

The streets of New York present a cheerful and interesting appearance to pedestrians. People whose business compels them to go about the city have fallen into the habit of supposing that the sidewalks are meant for the inhabitants to walk upon. There is, somewhere or other, a law which provides for the protection of pedestrian interests in this city, and declares that the sidewalks shall not be obstructed in such a way as to interfere with the movements of the populace. There appears to be a difference of opinion as to the interpretation of the law. The pedestrians, who do not have the enforcement of the statute in their hands, think that the pavements should not be covered with boxes and barrels and bill-boards and signs and awnings, and other nuisances. The gentlemen in the Department of Encumbrances, who have the enforcement of the law in their hands, are of a wholly different opinion. They do not proclaim their belief in the newspapers, nor do they hire any one to announce it between the acts in the theatres; but they hold to it tenaciously, just the same.

They hold to it in practice, and that is where they have the perennial advantage over the long suffering populace. The people may rage and sputter and write letters to the newspapers, complaining about this pretty state of things with more energy and earnestness, even, than Koko; but they do not seem to be able to do anything. No one pays the slightest attention to the complaints of the inhabitants of the city that their thoroughfares are obstructed, and what is more, no one is going to pay any attention to them as long as they are made in the present manner. The people labor under the impression that the city is theirs. But when they turn it over to a cheap and inferior lot of ward politicians to take care of for them, they suddenly find out that it is not theirs. It belongs to the politicians, and those gentlemen, in the classic language of the day, work it for all it is worth. Those who take the trouble to inquire into these matters find that when a law is constantly broken with the connivance of those who should enforce it, there is money changing hands somewhere. There is no telling what will be the final outcome of this street-obstruction business. Perhaps Senator Gibbs will come to our aid, and discover in precisely what knot-hole of the fence the African lies concealed.

RECENTLY A MAN in well-to-do circumstances was grumbling to a friend on the ferry-boat.

"I have just been left ten thousand dollars," he said.

"Then why do you grumble?" asked the other.

"Because I should have had twenty."

"I haven't had a cent left me," replied the other: "and I don't know how I'm going to pay my next month's rent."

"I shouldn't think you'd be so jolly," snarled the legatee.

"I'm very happy," said the other.

"What makes you happy, I'd like to know?"

"This," said the sad man, holding up a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK: "It makes you laugh away dull care, and feel as happy as a bobolink in a field of clover on a sunny June morning."

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, of all newsdealers, price twenty-five cents.

ORPHEUS.

Orpheus, 'tis true, was a musician great,
Considering the age in which he lived;
He had the call on all the music-fiends
In his immediate vicinity.
He never had to work an organ-crank,
And turn out strains divine and ready-made;
But he would make them up and blow them
forth,
Out of his tin horn, as he went along.
And he could play the old horse-fiddle, too,
And blow on grass-blades held betwixt his
thumbs,
And draw a chair-rung on a picket-fence,
Raising his neighbors from their easy-chairs,
Causing them quick to ram their idle thumbs
Into their ears, and make unlovely faces.
But one day Orpheus to the circus went,
And saw the fiend, in scarlet swallow-tail,
Blow on a big cornet of solid silver
Some tunes that caused his auburn hair to curl,
Until he looked just like the "After Using"
Picture that booms some patent stuff for causing
The hair to curl upon the baldest head.
Soon after this, while looking over PUCK,
Of which he was a very constant reader,
He discovered a music-teacher's whereabouts,
And went to him to learn to play the flute.
His money he paid down unto the man,
Who said that he could teach him how to play
In twenty easy lessons, and would then
Get him a virtuoso snap at Coney.
So Orpheus lessons took, and in his room
Played through the Waltham watches of the
night,
And all good folks for several blocks around
Paced up and down their rooms in grim de-
spair,
And tore their hirsute in the wildest manner,
And pounded on the walls to make him stop,
And named the numerous bags of gold they 'd
give
To see their neighbor Orpheus tangled up
In the machinery of some Western mill,
Whose wheels run swift as any woman's tongue,
And have teeth like a hungry alligator.
But when Orpheus was told he was proficient,
He traveled out unto his Western home,
And there he played the flute in such a style
That the mule laid his ears back on his neck
And cooed like any ringdove, while he danced

Gavottes about the meads of airy thyme.
So did he mash the fair Eurydice
With "In the Gloaming" and "Sweet Violets";
And when the wedding-tour to Washington
Was at an end, they went and settled down
Upon a farm out near Peoria.
This is the place where Orpheus, with his flute,
Caused all the birds to flutter to his feet;
And when he saw a wisp of snipe about,
He rattled "Nancy Lee," and down they came,
And fair Eurydice, with club in hand,
Quick knocked them out and put them in the
pot.
And so he 'd play whenever he wanted food,
And when the neighbors' poultry wandered in,
They 'd never wander out; for Orpheus knew
The tunes they loved, and sweet Eurydice
Could swing an Indian-club that never missed.
Thus did old Orpheus have the best of living
Without the outlay of a single cent,
Because he, in his dear loved Western home,
Lived by the perspiration of his flute.

CONFESSES A WHILOM musical critic: "When
I undertook to write musical criticisms for a
daily paper, it was with the firm determination
to do entire justice to everybody." This must
have been a good many years ago, before the
tone of the daily press had reached its present
high standard. We doubt very much whether
any reputable paper of to-day would print a
criticism where entire justice was accorded to
every musician who appeared.

IT MAKES the average woman shout
And dance and jump and shriek,
When she finds the note
In her husband's coat
That she gave him to post, and he carried about
In his pocket for more than a week.

W. W. CORCORAN, the aged Washington phil-
anthropist and art patron, is said to be very
anxious to outlive some of the sculptors who are
responsible for some of the statues in Central
Park. He wants to be remembered kindly by
succeeding generations, if possible.

FIRST COMPOSITOR.—"How do you divide
marriage?"
SECOND COMPOSITOR.—"Divorce."

Puckerings.



O waiter at the Brunswick restaurant,
O Gallic waiter with the smiling face
And the voluminous whiskers, black and long—
I love thee—my unostentatious fee
I slip into thy palm. And this I do,
O waiter, not for any skill of thine
In slinging viands, nor because I find thee
Honest in thy accounting—I do not.
Nor for the beauty of thy raven whiskers
I fee thee; but for a more subtle cause.

For when I enter with my wedded wife,
To take a quiet, plain, domestic dinner—
A little harmless change from household dullness—
Thou hast the ever-ready Gallic tact
To flatter me within my inmost soul,
By smiling with a sly significance,
As if I were a wicked bachelor,
And she a lovely impropriety,
And we were on a little lark together.

I like it—yes, I like to think you think so;
Although I know you do not. And my wife—
My wedded wife, my innocent wedded wife,
The faithful partner of my humdrum days—
Waiter! I think she rather likes it, too.

'THE RABBI'S SPELL'—C-a-v-o-r-t-e-r—quarter.

ON AN average, professional men are said to
live one-third longer than laboring men. If you
don't believe this, visit a skating-rink and notice
how much more healthy the professor is than
the skater.

THE OLDEST American Mason has been in-
vited to attend the next meeting of the Ohio
Grand Lodge at Columbus, and the hotel-
keepers are preparing to double their facilities
to accommodate all of him.

THE STUDENTS of a California society, after
a lengthy debate, decided that the Chinese must
go. We are very glad the question has been
settled without bloodshed. At one time we
feared their removal could not be effected with-
out serious trouble.

WALT WHITMAN, the poet, wonders why
painters do not do more with the scenery along
the lower Delaware River. We are very glad
that they have not done more. Nothing is so
hideous to a tasteful eye as patent-medicine
signs and newspaper advertisements painted on
the rocks along a picturesque river.

YOU SAY you have only written a little, eh?
Well, while we admit your intentions to be of
the highest order, we are not surprised at the
revelation of your tender years. You must be
about three months of age or less. The idea
of speaking of the dreamy locust copse, in order
to spring a joke on a sleeping policeman! Get
out of our sight immediately!

THE TUG OF WAR AND



THE POSITION OF THE WORKINGMAN.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

There is one Englishman whom the Fenian Brotherhood should pursue to the bitter end and dynamite without mercy. Coming over to this country, and receiving protection from our republican institutions, he dares to go back and misrepresent us to the inhabitants of his little island, and—figuratively speaking—to prod us in a spot already sore. The point upon which his calumny is based is one that will appeal with peculiar force to the Fenian Brotherhood, since we do not for an instant believe that one of their number has ever been guilty of the hideous vice of which he accuses Americans in general, though it is with pain that we admit that he has the very slightest foundation in fact upon which to build his grisly superstructure of falsehood.

The Englishman's name is Alan Dale—unless his pusillanimity has led him to conceal his identity under the blanket of a *nom de plume*—and he is the author of a book called "Jonathan's Home," in which, writing upon the topic of American women, he says:

She is gloriously and hopelessly spoiled. She is arrogant and overbearing. She is so certain that she will be protected in anything she may do or say that she does or says it. A New York lady, when she enters a street-car where there are no unoccupied seats, will stand opposite to a gentleman and glare at him until he gives up his place. As I have before said, this is readily placed at her disposal; but it sometimes happens that a gentleman is reading a newspaper, and does not see the fair arrival. The magnetic influence of her eye is therefore brought to bear upon him with effect. He at once rises, and she takes the seat, as a matter of course, very frequently not condescending to say "Thank you." * * * Jonathan is, as a rule, so willing to accept a strap, that no lady hesitates for a moment in taking his seat, though he be ever so old and weary, and she ever so young and fresh.

We call upon every man in New York, without regard to age, sex or previous condition of servitude, to rise up and refute this foul slander. We demand of Alan Dale that he bring proof to corroborate his assertions. We ask him if he ever rode ten consecutive blocks in a New York street-car, and if he has done so, we bid him place his hand over his heart—or over the stone that nature implanted in his British bosom in place of a heart—and state the truth: that for every man standing there were at least two women on their feet, and that for every woman sitting down there were three of the sterner sex occupying seats. So guiltless, indeed, are New Yorkers of the ghastly charge brought against them by this foreign falsifier, that, upon the Broadway and Fourth and Sixth Avenue cars, it is a daily occurrence in the

evening to observe even gentle dudes, who have labored from ten o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, with two hours intermission for luncheon, occupying seats to the exclusion of shop-girls and working-women who have toiled steadily from daybreak.

We assert, and we defy contradiction, that a woman's only right to a seat in a street-car recognized by a New Yorker is priority of claim. Of course, provincial gentlemen who have had no opportunities to become conversant with matters of etiquette may occasionally, when in the metropolitan street-cars, rise and give place to a woman, and perhaps Alan Dale may have witnessed such an occurrence. But that he should return to the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree, and represent to his brethren that such is a common practice in America, is unpardonable. In partial extenuation of this debased liar's assertions, and to give him the benefit of every possible doubt before calling down vengeance upon him, we will infer that he may have seen a woman enter a street-car and find her son-in-law within. Of course, not understanding their relationship, Alan Dale might attribute the suddenness with which the man arose and gave her his seat to politeness instead of fear.

But, when everything that can be said has been said in extenuation, the glaring falsehood still remains. The Fenian Brotherhood should be willing to take up the matter at once, for all American citizens are included in the sweeping charges of the haughty English aristocrat, and the Brotherhood can conscientiously state that none of its members ever forgot himself so far as to give up his seat in a street-car to a woman. Let no more dynamite be wasted upon Windsor Castle or the Tower of London, but let Alan Dale be searched for wherever he may be hiding, and blown to every point of the compass.

But there yet remains to us one consolation under this vile attack, and that is that we have already been in part avenged—and that by a woman—according to Alan Dale's own confession. He says:

On one occasion I was seated in a street-car, chewing, not tobacco, but the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. It was very bitter, if I remember correctly. I was right at the end of the car, and was looking in the direction of the horses, so that I could not see any one who either entered or left the vehicle. Presently I was rudely awakened from my reverie by a violent poke in the ribs with a parasol. Looking up in surprise, I saw a lady towering above me. In a loud voice she exclaimed:

"Sir, I am very weak, I cannot stand up."

Though I resented this delicate hint for a seat, and though the healthy voice of the speaker seemed to tell of an eminently robust constitution, I did as Jonathan would have done, and resigned my seat—reluctantly, but gracefully, I trust. The lady took it without thanking me, and evidently felt insulted by having been forced to ask for it.

The thought of Alan Dale's proud British ribs being poked with an American parasol is balm to an angry spirit and oil upon troubled waters. Any lady who recalls having poked a young man in a plaid suit, with yellow gaiters, a monocle and a vacuous countenance, in the ribs with a parasol previous to May, 1885, may learn of something to her advantage by calling at the office of PUCK.

F. M. WHITE.

THE CORNETIST'S WAIL.



Alas, the wild wind through my whiskers blows,
And makes me feel as lonely as the clam
Who's been hauled up out of the briny deep,
To lie upon the fish-stand in the sun.
Alas, I'm the companion of the clam,
For I was happy, two short months ago,
Playing my horn beside the moaning sea
At Coney Island in a small hotel;
I'm not as great now—people look at me
As on a beggar, when I walk around
The street and tootle for the public ear.
But these same people down beside the sea
Roared like the veriest demons when I bowed,
After I played the "Carnival of Venice,"
And stood to take a little breathing-spell,
Previous to rattling off the "Larboard Watch."
Then I disported in a full-dress suit,
And my moustaches all were neatly waxed,
My shoes were patent-leather, and my eyes
Drank in a sea of beauty as I looked
Upon the faces of my audience.
I was a hero, and was e'er applauded
And pointed out to small admiring crowds.
But gone are those bright days; I am as sad
As the long closed hotel wherein I played.
It crushes me and spoils my haughty soul
To think that only on this sunny morn,
When I proposed to play for just a meal,
Old Dinkelspiel von Diedrich Van der Bum
Kicked me head-foremost from his beer-saloon,
And shouted after me: "Mebbe vell you don'd
T'ink it was better to come here again!"
So I will play the Coney Island tunes,
And try to bring back all the summer joy
That filled my soul and made me feel a king.

THE FIENDISH revenge that Frederic Harrison has wreaked upon the Appletons in refusing to accept their check, because they re-published his essays without asking his permission, is calculated to deter all publishers from taking similar liberties with an author's work. How terribly some of the American literary pirates who steal and re-print English books would feel if they should tender checks to the authors they have robbed, and have their proffers refused! However, they would not be one-half as much surprised as the authors would be, if any such financial demonstration were made, and we would not advise publishers to take the risk, lest some more avaricious writer than Harrison should jump at the chance.

"FEED CABBAGE after milking, advises a farmers' paper. This is good as far as it goes; but what we want to know is what a man should feed to his cabbages after he milks them?"

SIX OF one and half-a-dozen of the other usually implies a sameness between two things. But it is very different when a jury is equally divided regarding a verdict.

VERY LIKELY.



"Why don't you try the cold water cure for your rheumatism?"

"Cowld wather, is it? Arrah, man, yer foolin' wid me. Didn't I tumble into the cowld river last summer, an' wasn't I nearly dhrowned in the cowld wather, as ye call it, an' wasn't I hangin' upside down on a mate hook for an hour, beside bein' rowled on barrels, an' divil a bit o' good did it do me!"

PEANUTS AND CARMELS.

A LARGE RATTLESNAKE recently crawled lazily through the entire length of a school in Tin Cup, Idaho, and then crawled out again, and none of the men present had the moral courage to speak of the occurrence.

PROFESSIONAL POETS who haven't the time to write properly, but resort to padding with adjectives, would do well to paste this in their crowns of laurel, to help them out in ordinary love-poems and serenades: "The timid snow-drop, the modest violet, the languid primrose, the coy lily, the flaunting marigold, the lowly, blushing daisy, the proud fox-glove, the deadly night shade, the sleepy poppy, and the sweet,

solitary eglantine." It would also pay one of these industrious but uninspired harp-bangers to spend an hour, occasionally, in classifying dogs, bulls, stars, eyes and the other stock utensils used in verse-building, just for the sake of economy in time, during a rush of tooth-powder and patent-medicine lyric orders.

ABOUT THE only kind of work a tramp will perform on a farm is harvesting—that is, the kind of harvesting that is done behind a horse, on a two-wheeled machine supplied with a nice soft-cushioned seat.

THE INDIAN name of Massachusetts is "Great Kill Mouth." Now we understand why G. Frisbie Hoar came to be born in Massachusetts.

BAD BUSINESS MANAGEMENT.

The business management of the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church of Boston cannot be too severely denounced, since it is calculated to utterly discourage young ministers in their efforts to secure paying congregations, and to dampen the ardor of trustees who endeavor to present leading attractions to the public. The deacons of the church do not pretend to deny that before the Rev. Mr. Downes was installed in their pulpit the church was only struggling along, and the edifice was never more than half filled. Then the young and vigorous pastor came among them, and speedily brought matters to such a brilliant pass that when he last preached the church was crowded from the altar to the doors, and hundreds who were anxious to partake of the bread of life were turned away because there was no room for them. And now, on the top of this success, the deacons have closed the church and cast Mr. Downes adrift, and their folly will be their own undoing. We beg leave to inquire what would have become of the Brooklyn Tabernacle if Dr. Talmage had been discharged and his church closed just after he had won the running-high-jump championship? As Mr. Ko-Ko pertinently remarks in the "Mikado": "Here's a state of things."

PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.

"You don't like that tea?" exclaimed the wholesale merchant.

"No, I don't. My wife said it was the worst tea she ever steeped," replied the retailer.

"What! Do you mean to say that you used that tea in your family?"

"Why, of course I did."

"I beg your pardon, indeed I do. That is a terrible mistake. I never supposed you intended to use it yourself. I thought you were going to sell it to your customers."

EVERY CAT has its night.

JOB NEVER asked for a new trial.

IF WE ARE TOO SEVERE, EXCUSE US.



LET THE DEAR CHARITABLE MARRIED LADIES OF OUR CHURCHES ORGANIZE AND CARRY ON ALL THE FAIRS THEY WANT TO—

THE GOLDEN SEASON.

No robins sing upon the cedar-tree,
The golden summer's gone, and so have they;
And now a vagrant snow-flake falls upon
The leafless vine, and all the skies are drab
As any Quaker's duster. All the woods
Are brown and silent, and the dry crisp leaves
Rustle beneath the idle dreamer's tread.
The buckwheat all is housed, the crops are in,
And the first log upon the brass dogs burns.
The summer's gone, the dear delightful summer,
Replete with song and scent of breezy clover,
Has taken its departure, and the fields
Take on a sombre aspect, and the deacon
Lands on your stoop before you leave at morn,
To see if you'll a season-ticket buy
For the Episcopal-Universal course
Of lectures at the village Music Hall;
And then an aged woman, dressed in black,
Most uninviting and dyspeptic looking,
Calls at your house, to see if you'll give cake,
Or ham, or turkey to the gay church-fair.
Oh, golden autumn, you're a golden fraud;
You send a man so deep into his pocket
That he can reach his boot-tops in the dive.
Give us the spring, the snowy-blossomed spring,
Full of bright airs and songs of nesting birds.

All right, there, Mr. Foreman; not half through
Is the impassioned poet with his theme;
But if you've not the space to let him fire
His goose-quill off, why, then, he'll lay it down,
And let your tyrannous yearning choke him off.



BUT FOR GOODNESS SAKE LET SOME ONE ORGANIZE A SOCIETY TO GO AROUND AND ASSIST THEIR POOR NEGLECTED HUSBANDS, ONCE IN A WHILE, ALSO.

TROCHES.

WELL PUT—The Quoit that Rings the Stake.

"THE BEE never cackles," observes an exchange. The bee doesn't have to. It has other ways of making itself known.

"YES," SHE said, dreamily, during a conversation on the subject of shoes: "I wear an A1 shoe."

"An A1," replied her best young man, with a wan-Belgravia smile: "So they have A1 shoes, do they?"

"Oh, my, yes," she said.

"I suppose," he went on, innocently: "that is what the clipper-ships are named after. I have often noticed advertisements of the A1 clipper-ship *Wyoming*, etc."

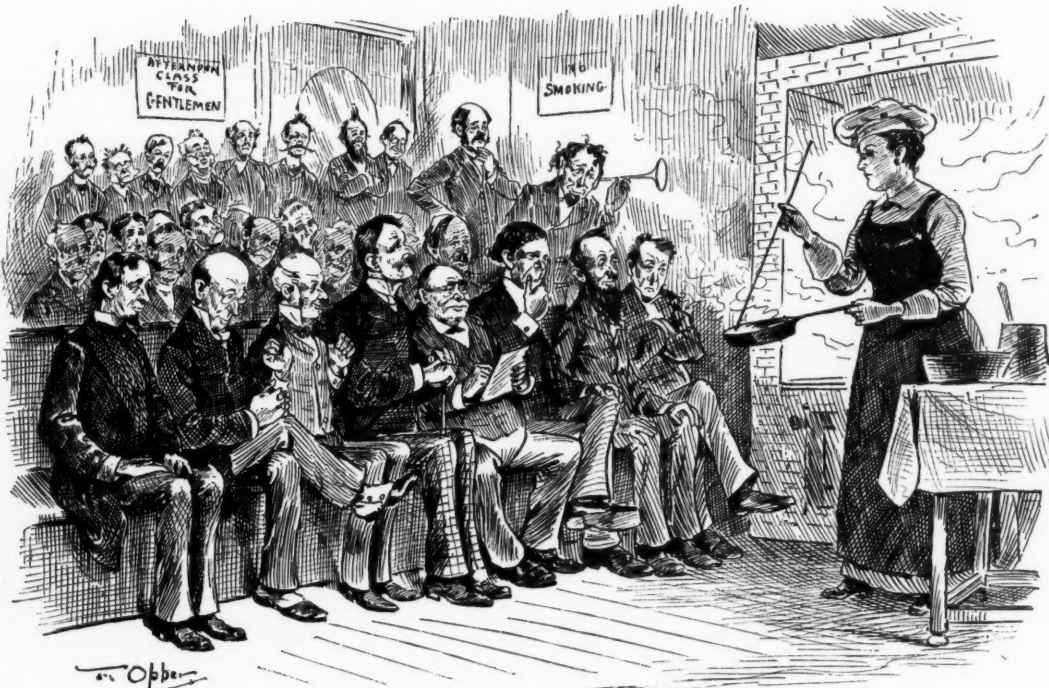
She disturbed him by flying from the room. He is now having the engagement solitaire set for a shirt-stud.

"SORGHUM FARMERS raise cane," observes an exchange. This illustrates a marked similarity between Sorghum farmers and college boys.

THE MASKED BALL—The Wink in the Soda.

THE COOKING-SCHOOL IS A USEFUL INSTITUTION.

WE HIGHLY APPROVE IT—



AND WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE SPECIAL CLASSES FOR CONFIRMED OLD BACHELORS ORGANIZED WITHOUT DELAY.

A HEREAFTER FOR BOSTON.

A gentleman who is compelled to admit that his home is in Boston, though he is at present living in England, has been engaged in a careful examination of the original charter-map of the city of his nativity. What motive led him to make this examination is not known up to date, but a most significant result of his labors has come to light. He has discovered that a small and rocky island called Middle Brewster, which is situated off Boston Harbor, is outside of the boundary, and was never claimed by the colony of Massachusetts. The logical conclusion resulting from this fact is of a startling nature, and will undoubtedly cause a social disturbance of a portentous kind in Boston. If, as appears to be the fact, the island was never claimed by Massachusetts colony, it was never a part of the United States, and must, therefore, still belong to Great Britain.

The fact that the British lion still has a foothold almost under the shadow of the Bunker Hill monument may produce a deep feeling of alarm among that benighted portion of Boston's populace which has not yet learned to revere all that is truly English. But among the better members of society in that city the news will cause a wide and genuine sensation of satisfaction. They will perceive a way to something like genuine British aristocracy without a sacrifice of residence in that city which they have been taught from their youth up to regard as the greatest on earth. Unhappily, Middle Brewster is not large enough to accommodate at one time all of those good Bostonians who wish to be thoroughly Anglicized. With that generous regard for the welfare of Boston which characterizes the New York heart, we freely suggest a method by which the inhabitants of the Hub may make use of the new discovery.

Let the gentleman now in England obtain a lease-hold of the island from the Crown. He may then form a stock-company, which, to use an American colloquialism, can work it for all it is worth. This company may farm the island out to as many Boston families as can live upon it at one time, and they may remain there until

they become thoroughly Anglicized. Queen Anne cottages may be built; an English newspaper, with the Parliamentary debates given in full to the exclusion of all other news, may be started; a weekly society journal, to which prominent ladies may contribute, may be established; and probably Newport fogs can be induced, for a small consideration, to visit the place frequently enough to give the atmosphere a thoroughly London-like appearance. In the course of time the Crown can, no doubt, be persuaded to bestow titles of nobility on those families which have inhabited the island longest. By the exercise of prudence and foresight, the next generation of Boston's best society may be born on the island, and thus a real British aristocracy, indigenous to the soil, may be reared.

The outlook for Boston is truly alluring. It is to be hoped that New York families which are anxious to figure among the leading English-American society will not throw away their chances. By moving to Boston, and bidding for Queen Anne cottages on the island of Middle Brewster, they, too, may become really English. Let the Boston gentleman who has made the fruitful discovery on the old charter-map be duly honored. Let his name be handed down to future generations of the forthcoming genuine aristocracy, and let two monuments be reared to his memory, one on the shores of the Back Bay, labeled "Before," and the other on the topmost pinnacle of Middle Brewster, with the inscription, "After."

W. J. HENDERSON.

THERE IS an Eastern proverb to the effect that there is a special punishment set apart for all people that make pictures. The artist is to be brought forth on the Day of Judgement, and asked to breathe a spirit into his picture, and if he fails, he immediately has his ears filled with boiling oil. We have seen so many pictures that are susceptible of having a spirit breathed into them, or hammered or shot into them, for that matter, that we think it will be pretty rough on a number of artists we could name if the Eastern law should be put into force.

LATTER DAY MAXIMS.

—Never hit a man when he's down. Jump on him.

—A woman's "No" often means "Yes"; but a man's "Yes" often means "No."

—The way of the transgressor is hard—outside of Canada and Ludlow Street Jail.

—Every cloud has a silver lining, but it is not given to every man to turn it inside out.

—Children and fools tell the truth. It takes a full-grown, mentally sound man to lie artistically.

—A thing of beauty is a joy forever, but it won't bring more than half its value in an auction sale.

—Never deal from the bottom of the pack, unless you happen to be unequal to arranging a cold-deck.

—A kind answer turneth away wrath, but a knowledge of the manly art comes in handy, now and then.

—Never contradict a woman. Leave her alone, and she will save you the trouble by contradicting herself.

—There's no such thing as luck; but it's hard work to keep from being skeptical after losing six races out of half-a-dozen.

—A bird in the hand may be worth two in the bush, but we'll take our chances on the bipeds in the shrubbery, every time.

—Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but you do not want to be away from your wife's society more than seven evenings out of the week.

—Love me little, love me long, is full of poetry and soul-elixir; but most girls of our acquaintance would rather be loved a good deal, and all at once, as it were.

C. V. TEIXEIRA.

MOHAMMED SAYS that a bell is the devil's musical instrument. Mohammed would never have made such a remark if he had ever experienced the sensation of being awakened from a pleasant nightingale-and-rose vision by an organ-grinder weirdly winding out "Swe-et Vi-o-lets" on the matutinal zephyr.

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

I believe in the evolution of species; but wish to call attention to what I suppose is an inadvertent error of Darwin and his disciples. It seems clear to me that most animals are descended from man, contrary to the popular belief on the subject. I am aware that this view will appear ultra-scientific and rather improbable to the *profanum vulgus* and to hide-bound orthodox thinkers; but I can sustain my position with a few illustrations from life.

For instance, take an ordinary jackass, subject him to a keen scientific analysis, and he will disclose the interesting characteristic of having been descended from a variety of human ancestors, in many instances exhibiting a very strong family likeness and the leading qualities of his progenitors. In type and degree of intellect he often reflects the ward-politician, the country "sucker," the intelligent juror, and the country speculator "on change"; or, per adventure, will faithfully reproduce the silent notes of a musical human ancestry. Perchance some famous soloist, some renowned banjo-picker, some "end-man" or organ-grinder may live again in the moonlight-serenade or afternoon sonata of a quadrupedal descendant.

The bull-frog, likewise, is an example of an animal with a complicated ancestry. He is usually descended from the basso of an Italian opera-troupe, with voice steadily improved through an ascending scale of structural development. In some cases, frogs are descended from professional athletes and gymnasts. The tree-frog is descended from wood-choppers and lumbermen, while the toad comes down from the "fly" young men.

Evolution is sometimes ascending and sometimes descending. The ape is the final and culminating product of an upward development from the dude, and demonstrates the efficacy of evolution in gradually improving the symmetry, visage, and brain-power of living forms.

The locust and other flying things that shed their coats or skins are descended from fashionable young ladies, especially those who like to change their dresses nine times a day. If you will look at a locust half out of its old coat, and then look at a young lady, dressed—that is, ready for a ball—the two objects will be apt to induce a scientific train of meditation.

The ordinary fence-lizard is the far-off child of the politician. The cat is the ultimate outcome of the Prohibitionist. The terrapin is the manifest

descendant of the messenger-boy. The race-horse is descended from a fast girl. The mole is evolved from underground schemes. The mocking-bird comes down to us from the literary pirate. The shark is descended from the monopolist, and the swallow from the epicure.

Evolution is generally slow, but sometimes very rapid. A few months ago a wife-beater was found in the woods in Illinois covered with feathers which were held in position with a glutinous substance resembling tar. This man was in the process of evolution, and, by this time, is doubtless a buzzard or a Shanghai rooster.

Of course, the science of evolution

is progressive, and I think that the views here set forth will be found as rock-ribbed and as capable of absolute demonstration as any advanced by the leading evolutionists of the century.

J. A. M.

MRS. JESSE JAMES is exhibiting herself at Leadville in a dime theatre. The first day she killed the local editor of a paper for disputing her identity, and since then she has been accepted by the best society. It is not very hard to make an impression on Leadville society, if one goes about it the right way.

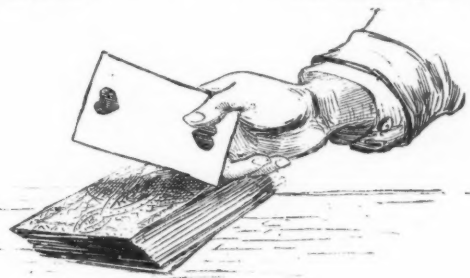
SMOKED HAM—A Cremated Actor.

THE DISCONTENTED DEUCE.



I.
It lay in the midst of a greasy pack,
Ragged and dirty and torn,
'Twixt a fat young Queen and a jaunty Jack,
Who treated the Deuce with scorn;
For it kept him apart from his royal love,
This little Deuce forlorn.

II.
"Get down in the pack where you belong,"
Said the Queen, with a dainty snort:
"You're the lowest thing in all the throng.
What right have you in court?"
And she smiled "Ah, there!" to the wily Knave,
Who was taking in the sport.

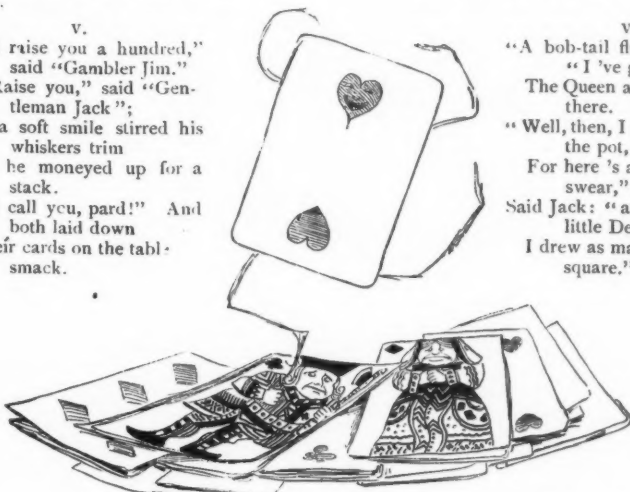


III.
And they jibed and jeered at the little Deuce
Till he discontented grew;
He began to think he was no use
In the pack, and it made him blue.
How he longed to show the Queen and Jack
That he knew a thing or two!

IV.
That night, as he lay asleep in the pack,
A white hand gathered him in,
And he knew it belonged to "Gentleman Jack,"
The man with the diamond pin,
And his two little hearts beat hard and fast,
As he said: "Now 's my chance to win!"

V.
"I'll raise you a hundred,"
said "Gambler Jim."
"Raise you," said "Gentleman Jack";
And a soft smile stirred his
whiskers trim
As he moneyed up for a
stack.
"I'll call you, pard!" And
both laid down
Their cards on the table
smack.

VI.
"A bob-tail flush," said Jim:
"I've got."
The Queen and Knave were
there.
"Well, then, I guess I'll scoop
the pot,
For here 's a straight, I
swear."
Said Jack: "and 'twas that
little Deuce
I drew as made things
square."



ERNEST DELANCEY PIERSON.

GARGOYLES AND GUMDROPS.

FROM TESTS made by Doctor Fischer, the German chemist, it appears that in ordinary domestic stoves not more than twenty per cent of the fuel consumed is utilized in warming the rooms. We have often noticed this. The missing eighty per cent is used in painting the stove-pipe red and burning the isinglass out of the stove-doors. The stove business needs reforming.

IT is suggested that drug-clerks be required to taste their own prescriptions before selling them, as a preventive of forgetfulness in preparing them. This would hardly work. A drug-clerk who would forget himself so far as to give morphine for quinine, would be morally certain to forget to taste it.

THERE is a man in Orleans, Nebraska, who raises cats by the wholesale. He has eighteen thousand on his place, and makes a business of selling them throughout the West. If any of our readers hears of a lynching-party in Orleans, he will now understand the reason why.

MRS. WALLERDON, of Nebraska, was recently found dead in her house. As she was decapitated and had her head in her hands when discovered, the detectives are rather inclined to scout the suicide theory.

THERE is said to be a town in Maine that has no church, temperance-society, drunkard, pauper, or saloon. It is not so stated, but we infer from this that the town is at present used as a cemetery.

ALTHOUGH THE motto of Colorado is "Nothing Without Divine Aid," it is very seldom that a lynching-bee is opened with a prayer. Very few states live up to their mottos in this wicked age.

THERE is a bogus Sam Jones at work in Minnesota. If this sort of thing keeps growing, after a while no evangelist will be accepted as genuine unless the name is blown in the glass.

PATRICK SULLIVAN, of Sheboygan, is said to have such a large mouth that, had he been in Jonah's place, the Biblical whale tragedy would have been reversed.

A TENNESSEE CITY is said to be troubled with an epidemic of lovers who parade the street arm in arm. Vaccinate them.

ARTISTIC NEEDLE-WORK—Tattooing.

AFTER THE FALL—Winter.



"The Tribute to the Minotaur."—The Interests of All Other States



Protection Monster of Pennsylvania.

PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

White, Stokes & Allen have recommended themselves to the favor of the great American people by publishing their "Flower-Songs Series." The series consists of a number of very pretty books, each adorned with a handsome cover, and containing pictures of favorite flowers, accompanied by appropriate poems selected from the works of popular poets. For instance, "Spring Blossoms" contains pictures of pussy willow and catkins, pansies, orchids, buttercups and ferns, by Susie Barstow Skelding. The poems are by Whittier, Celia Thaxter, R. H. Stoddard, Helen Hunt Jackson, J. G. Percival, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Elaine Goodale.

Mr. George S. Merriam has written, and the Century Company published, "The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles," in two volumes of nearly 500 pages each. The average journalist is lucky if he is given a stick-full for an obituary notice, but Mr. Samuel Bowles was not an average journalist. He was "the pioneer and leader of independent journalism in the United States." He had a habit of telling the truth without regard to corporations, monopolists, politicians, relatives or friends. This is where the inorganic Springfield *Republican* differed from the organic New York *Tribune*. He never tried to boom his paper by inventing nasty scandals. He never printed broad-axe wood-cuts. But the editors of the New York *World* and the New York *Sun* will please take notice that Mr. Samuel Bowles made a paper which was both successful and respected. He had principles, and on any question of principle he spoke out. He put his whole life into work upon his paper. In those respects he cannot be compared with another "representative journalist," the editor of the New York *Herald*. We are afraid that Mr. Samuel Bowles, if alive, would be considered too old-fashioned for these times. He had not even learned to lie about his circulation. But he taught new ideas to a people who lived upon pie and everlasting hell-fire. He rattled the fossils of the old red sandstone along the Connecticut Valley, and he made the Springfield *Republican* known throughout the country. Of course, he killed himself in doing it. Good editors always die before their time. Of course, he made plenty of mistakes, as will be seen from this book, which covers the history of over thirty years. It includes such history as the Little Rock bonds and Mulligan letters, which may not be found in "Twenty Years of Congress." Mr. Samuel Bowles was a Mugwump from Mugwumpville. His memory will be respected when the memory of editors who prostitute their papers to money or to party shall have become only a bad smell.

"The Rabbi's Spell" is a Russo-Jewish romance, by Stuart C. Cumberland. This gentleman was in this country not very long ago, giving exhibitions of his powers as a mind-reader. The book mentioned appears to be Mr. Cumberland's first attempt at a novel. He has gathered together for his entry into the field of fiction a large assorted quantity of material which popular opinion has vainly endeavored to have buried in the catacombs of the dead past, and has smeared it over 193 pages of very good printing from the press of D. Appleton & Co. The story is all about a gentleman who killed another gentleman, and subsequently coming to the conclusion that one good turn deserves another, kills himself. If this novel were extensively distributed in Servia and Bulgaria, it would appease the popular appetite for gore. There are many stirring situations in the book; but none is so satisfactory as the situation of the reader who finds himself contemplating the word "Finis."

"Strong-Minded Women; or, After Two Years," by William A. Hammond. D. Appleton & Co. There is one merit about this book—it might possibly have been made longer; but it is doubtful whether even Dr. Hammond could have made it more wearisome. It is one of those books of which it may truly be said that the interest never lags throughout its pages. This is principally because it has no interest. There is one other noticeable feature about the work. It contains several characters who could apparently have written the story much better than the author.

To grown-up children, "Fairy Tales from Brentano" (Armstrong) can hardly compare in charm or interest with the stories of Anderson and of the Brothers Grimm, beside which the translator claims a place for them. Yet each is a genuine fairy tale, without the obtrusive and inartistic moral, and children unbiassed by memory of the earlier collections may well find them fascinating. The elder reader meets in these pages his old friends of German myth and legend, and he may feel a moment's longing for his lost childhood as he realizes that he has a new fairy-book, and can no longer feel the old delight and half-belief.

The latest in the series of "English Worthies," edited by Andrew Lang, is "Darwin," by Grant Allen (Appletons). Mr. Grant Allen's sketch of Darwin's life is intended for popular reading, and is direct in style and thoroughly interesting. It is a useful book, for it will serve to enlighten many people to whom Darwin is still

PROFESSIONAL.



FIRST DOCTOR.—"Well, I'm sorry to see you in this shape, Doc. Who's prescribing for you, by the way?"

SECOND DOCTOR.—"Nobody. Doing it myself."

FIRST DOCTOR.—"Great Scott!—don't! You're committing suicide!"

only a vague name of dread, the enemy of revealed religion and the founder of a subversive system of philosophy, and who really know nothing of the broad-minded, calm and courageous thinker and his conscientious, unselfish work.

Our esteemed black contemporary, *Life*, has published a remarkably pretty volume of "Poems from Life," which contains a great deal of clever and amusing metrical work. The exquisitely funny parody on Swinburne's "Last Oracle" is perhaps the best piece of humorous verse that *Life* has ever printed; but this small volume has many pages almost as bright to justify its claims to popular favor. It is well printed and bound, moreover. The poets of *Life* should be happy, if poets are ever happy.

No well-regulated infant, having its parents under proper control, will be without "The Baby's Journal," designed and compiled by Miss S. Alice Bray, and published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. There is positively nothing within the pages of the "Journal" which a baby need hesitate to show to its parents, and even the pictures do not bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence, since the angels are invariably conventionalized, until nothing remains but head and wings. However, the picture entitled "Oft in the Stilly Night," representing a young mother walking the floor with a baby, outrages precedent and gives the lie to the professional humorist. We beg to call Miss Bray's attention to the fact that since the year 1492 no paragrapher has operated a joke upon the mother's walking the floor at night, but that this duty is invariably assigned to the male parent, and we must insist that such an innovation on the part of the authoress is professional discourtesy. We cannot forbear, while upon this subject, to give all young mothers a word of advice, which is, that if a baby is chloroformed at eight o'clock in the evening, it will rarely give trouble during the night; and, while we reprehend certain portions of King Herod's career, he effected some reforms that our own rulers would do well to imitate.

We have received from J. B. Lippincott "Thisbe's Lament and Other Poems," by Masson Pell Helmbold. Thisbe's lament is not for a moment to be compared to that of the reader before he gets half way through a dozen stanzas.

Answers for the Anxious.

J. I. FRELEY.—You ought to take yourself out for a walk and lose yourself.

L. VERE.—If you really wish to qualify yourself for the profession of poem-writing, the best thing you can do is to apprentice yourself to a sprint-runner, and learn to do one hundred yards in ten seconds. This will enable you to get the start of any vigilance committee, and will materially increase your chances of longevity.

CURRENT COMMENT.

"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT"—Meow!

FRIDAY is generally considered an unlucky day; but it is not for the murderer, when he sits down to his last breakfast on hangman's day, and suddenly gets a reprieve instead of a rope.

A MONTANA PHYSICIAN recently completely cured the morphine habit in a patient in three days. It is believed the cure would have been effected much more promptly if the remedies had been more immediately fatal.

"AUGUSTUS is said by historians to have preferred a bit of old cheese to all the delicacies of the Roman table." From this one may form some idea of the extreme unpalatableness of the delicacies of the Roman table.

DIO LEWIS says that for thirty years he has worn an ordinary silk hat with nearly three hundred holes through the top. This seems reasonable. The hat is probably pretty well worn out, but the holes are probably in as good condition as ever they were.

ALTHOUGH EVERY boy appeared to be unconscious of what was going on, they secretly knew, in the silent depths of their hearts, that the point was well taken, as they peeped slyly over the tops of their books, just as the pedagogue leaped violently in several directions off the well-set bent pin.

THE SMALL BOY dreams of summer,
When now he drifts to Slumberland,
Where he's stung by the golden hummer,
And chased all through Cucumberland;
And he wakes while the bull is flanking him,
To find his father yanking him
Out of bed
By the hair of his head,
And then begin a-planking him,
And dancing on him for not being good,
And chopping, as requested, kindling-wood.

BOYHOOD'S HOME.

He had just returned from his first visit to the old home in the country since he left it a rosy-cheeked lad, fifteen years before. Every Thanksgiving Day and Christmas since he had been asked to return; but something had always prevented, until this year, when he resolved that he would leave business for a week to eat his Thanksgiving dinner with the old folks at home. As he seated himself in the smoking-car, and rolled comfortably past fields and woods, farms and villages, his mind turned to the pleasures that awaited him at the end of the journey. He could see, when he closed his eyes, the farmhouse with its immense porches, the towering elms which shaded the great lawn, the barnyard with its calves—and such calves, too!—the old red cow with her brass-tipped horns, the horses and the sheep. The wide pasture lot, so deep he could scarcely see its farther end, where the brook ran between the bending willows, came up before him, and the big hill where he used to coast twenty odd years ago. And he wondered whether he would have the patience to climb up its long, steep side, as he used to do when he was younger and loved exercise. Then the turkey which made its appearance on the Thanksgiving table in that old dining-room! How could he ever master enough appetite to eat one of those great generous slices he was once so fond of? For it was such a great fowl, so rich in white meat and dark, so fat and heavy, that in his imagination it had dwarfed all other and subsequent turkeys into insignificance beside it, and had made his later Thanksgiving dinners seem petty and altogether diminutive in comparison with it.

At last the train stopped at the familiar station, and he alighted from the car. The wagon was there to meet him, and in a few minutes he was seated beside his father, and bowling swiftly over the well-worn road toward the old farm among the hills. As he passed the little brick school-house where the Dominie, now gone to his rest, used to instill knowledge into his pupils with a birch-rod, and looked over the meadows where they used to play ball, he rubbed his eyes in amazement. Could it be possible that he ever studied in that miniature building, or played in that diminutive field? Why, any boy ought to be able to knock the ball over that fence and not half try.

Things seemed strangely changed. As he approached the farm, the changes became more marked. The great lawn shrank, the towering elm shortened, the immense porches shriveled and grew small before his gaze, and he would never have recognized the house, so different was it from what his memory had painted it, had his mother not stood at the door to greet him. The interior of the house was no less changed than the surroundings. The dining-room, which he once thought was the largest and altogether the finest room he ever saw, was small, poorly furnished, and he could almost touch the ceiling with his up-stretched hands. His own little room, too, was marvelously diminished. He could scarcely turn around in it, and the wide bed that had at times seemed larger than a seven-acre lot, and on which he used to roll and toss, was hardly wide enough to sit down upon.

Before dinner he walked over to the coasting-hill. That surely couldn't have altered, too. But, alas for human expectations, it had. It had sunk in at the top, flattened out, and now he could almost stand at the bottom and look over the crest. Saddened by those views, he returned slowly to the house. There was one thought that gave him pleasure. The turkey had not diminished and his appetite had not grown small with the landscape. This old-time pleasure was still in store for him.

In time dinner came. The family was not

as large as it formerly was, and he didn't have so long to wait for his share, as in those olden days when he sat at the lower end of the table and waited his turn in hungry but silent expectancy. He was the guest, this time, and when the turkey was passed around, he was served first. While the fowl was hardly as large as he expected it to be, his appetite, sharpened by his journey, was keen and vigorous as of yore, and as he sent his plate again and again to the head of the table, he felt a renewal of his boyish pleasure.

When he had finished, his father turned to his mother, and remarked, in the same old tone he knew so well:

"John is the same pig he always was."

No, everything had not changed. The landscape, the farm, the school-house, the hill, the barn-yard and the turkey—all had altered with him; but his appetite and his father's merry jest still lived, and although he returned home six days earlier than he intended to, and greeted the busy city with a delight he had never dreamed was possible, he felt that he had not made the trip in vain.

But he will not go back again. He can hear the happy jokes of his boyhood much easier by attending a minstrel-show.

SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

THE POET AND THE DONKEY.

Robert Browning and his sister recently walked seven miles in Italy rather than ride on a donkey. If the donkey was one of the "Wild West" combination, the Browning heads were level. Or, if they were expected both to ride the same donkey at a time, they rightly divined the signs of the times. Or, if the donkey was one of the feeble kind that you have to lead one-half the time and carry the other half, they did right not to ride him. Or, if he was a slow donkey, and they had to pay the interest on him hourly in advance, they did the proper thing. Or, if he was a razor-back, and they had to ride him bare-back, they were sensible to ride on foot. In fact, there are half-a-hundred things about the donkey that we want to know before we give the Brownings credit for being any smarter than lots of people who don't know an anapest from a microbe.

A REMNANT IN STRIPES.

There is a convict now serving a life-sentence in the Auburn Prison who has been in prisons ever since he was ten years old. This must indeed be the "immortal barred."

WORKING THE PRESS.

Thrilling biographies of the late lamented "Jumbo," written by persons connected with the great moral show, will shortly appear in the leading magazines. The big amount of free adver-

tising Mr. Barnum gets every time something does or anything does not happen is enough to make an honest patent-medicine man take one of his own pills and die.

THE FELLOW WHO DOES IT.

Voting machine, with ballot of ink—
Sudden and loud in partisan quar'!
Vote as you think men think you think.
I'll do the counting; I am the Bar'l.
This is my brother, the other Side,
He is a staver, an iron-bound carl;
How many wrestling bouts we've tried,
And always on top is the biggest Bar'l.
Never election elects without me,
I save the country in every snarl;
I am the monarch, the boss, the king bee,
I am the manager, I am the Bar'l.

NOT WHAT HE CAME FROM, BUT CAME FOR.

"Have you read the 'Descent of Man'?" asked Clara, looking over the book-shelves.

"No," said George, a little timidly: "don't care for it; but I'd like to get the assent of woman."

It is currently reported that he got it the very next Sunday night that ever was.—Robert J. Burdette.

FOR THE BEST MUSIC BOXES.

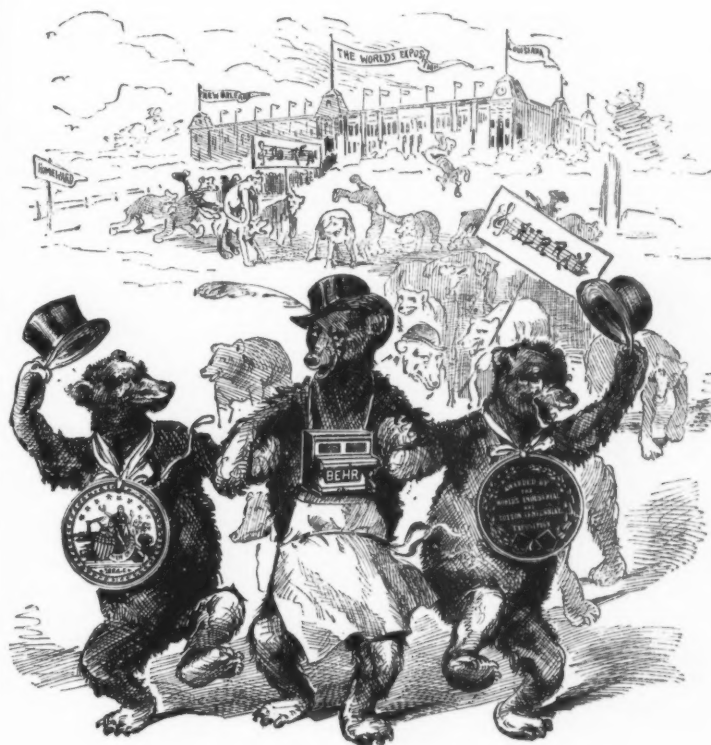
H. GAUTSCHI & SONS, Mfgs., 1030 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Novus, 140 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of Puck must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M. Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.



Why do they wear those Medals?

Because they are the ONLY "Upright Behrs!"

WHEN troubled by Sleeplessness

Try a hot drink when going to bed made of the Genuine Brown's Ginger, a teaspoonful or so, and some boiling water, sweetened to the taste. In nine cases out of ten it will act like a charm. It only costs 50 Cents to test it. Try it. Insist on the GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER, made in Philadelphia for more than 50 years by

Frederick Brown.

TO THE PUBLIC.
OUR STOCK OF
DOMESTIC & IMPORTED WOOLENS
HAS NEVER BEEN SURPASSED.

The Latest Designs. Newest Colorings.

Business Suits to order from \$20.00
Trousers " " 5.00
Dress Suits " " 30.00
Fall Overcoats " " 18.00

Nicoll
The Tailor.

Nos. 145, 147, 149 Bowery
and
No. 771 BROADWAY,
Opposite Stewart's, New York.

Samples and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

A DOSE'T OF BLUES.

I got no patience with blues at all!
And I ust to kindo talk
Against 'em and claim, 'tel along last Fall,
They was none in the fambly stock;
But a nephew of mine from Eelinooy,
That vis.ted us last year,
He kindo convinct me different
While he was a-stayin' here.

Frum ever' which way that blues is frum,
They 'd tackle him ever' ways;
They 'd come to him in the night and come
On Sund'ys and rainy days.
They 'd tackle him in corn-plantin' time
And in harvest an' airy Fall,
But a dose't o' blues in the winter-time
He 'lowed was the worst of all!

Said all diseases that ever he had—
The mumps er the rheumatiz—
Er ever'-other-day aigger 's bad
Purt' nigh as anything is—
Er a cyarbuncle, say, on the back of his neck,
Er a fellow on his thumb—
But you keep the blues away frum him
And all o' the rest could come.

And he 'd moan: "They's nary a leaf below
Ner a spear o' grass in sight,
And the whole wood-pile 's clean under snow,
And the days is dark as night.
And you can't go out ner you can't stay in,
Lay down, stand up ner set."
And a tetch o' reguller typhoid-blues
Would double him jest clean shet.

I writ his parents a postal-kyard
He could stay 'tel spring-time come;
And Aprile first, as I rickollect,
Was the day we shipped him hum.
Most o' his relatives since then
Has either give up er quit,
Er jest died off, but I understand
He 's the same old color yit!

—Benjamin F. Johnson, in Indianapolis Journal.

If the gentlemen whose lips pressed the lady's snowy brow and thus caught a severe cold had but used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, no doctor's bill would have been necessary.

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I'm a sanguinary king!
I can slay a thousand women,
And, while slaying, I can sing!
When the Irrawaddy River
Runneth bloody to the bay,
Oh, 'tis then I am the happiest
On my throne at Mandalay!

Now and then I build a temple,
And I plaster it with mud
Made of clay the gods have given
And my victim's hair and blood!
Oh, I do not eat the slaughtered,
But I sometimes think I would
If I was n't tender-hearted
And so awful great and good.

—Columbus Dispatch.

"CHARLIE," said a Spartan Philadelphia mother: "you have disobeyed me twice to-day, and I must punish you."

"Oh, mama, please don't whip me."

"No, I'll not whip you," was the calm reply: "I'll punish you by making you remain in the parlor while your sister is taking her music-lesson."

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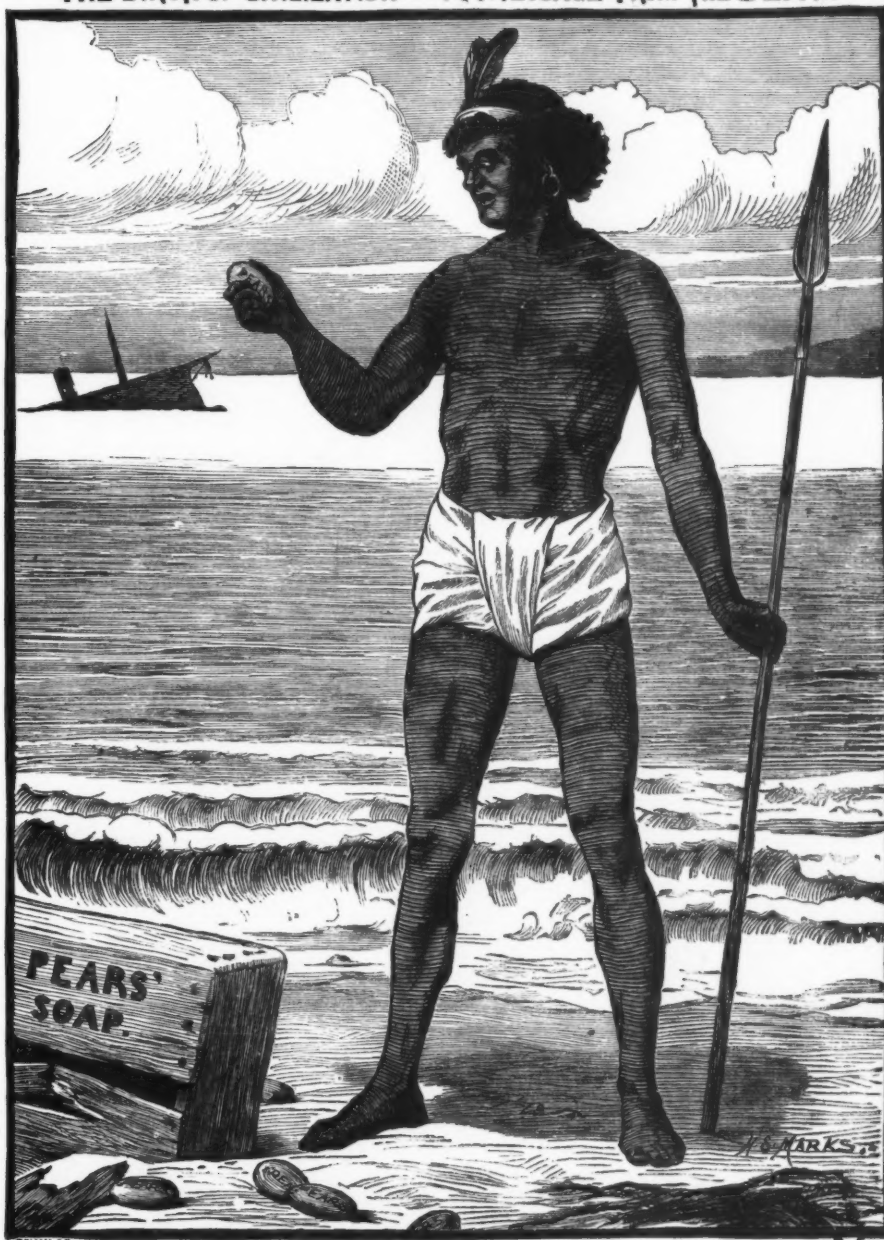
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FOUR little scratches on his arm,
To keep him from the small-pox's harm.

Four little scratches, but, oh! so sore,
And when you touched him, how he swore.

—Middleboro News.

THE PERILS OF THE ROAD.

They are making a great fuss about an engineer on a railroad in Germany who has run on the road forty-nine years and never had an accident. We don't see anything wonderful about it. The engineer on a German railroad, we believe, always walks ahead of his train and shoos everything off the track, while his wife shoves the train along after him. Still, we can see how an accident might happen. The engineer might grow weary and climb on the train and go to sleep, and so get into the station ahead of time, and run the risk of catching a severe cold while waiting for the Esteamagewagonhausbundelrassmeister (German for station-agent) to open the Sweitrackagesteamwagenausgeroundhausmitswansigdoors (roundhouse). Indeed, when you come to think over it seriously, the life of a German railroad engineer, after he has been in continuous service ninety years and has lost his hair, teeth, sight and hearing, and his sense of taste begins to fail, is envired with peril.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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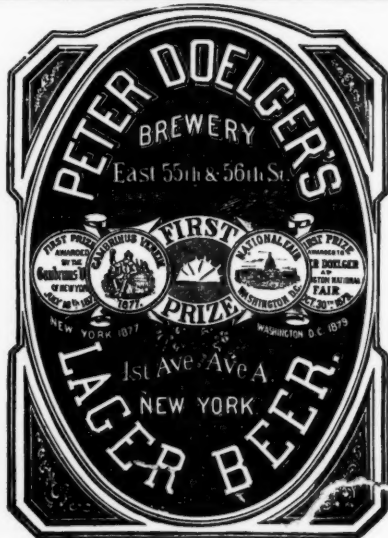
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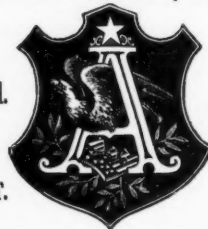
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lence a most effective weapon. Woman strives
ever for the unattainable.—*Philadelphia News*.

A SPANISH journal advocates the use of con-
demned criminals for cholera experiments.
That's all right, only the cholera experiments
where it listeth.—*Boston Post*.

"OH, where are the girls of the past?" asks
a poet. If you mean the far away, dim and
distant past, some of them are still in the ballet-
corps.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

An exchange says: "The Chinese have no
humor; they cannot understand a joke." This
explains why the Chinamen get mad when
hoodlums smash their windows. We have al-
ways had a suspicion that John couldn't un-
derstand a joke.—*Boston Courier*.

ATTENTION is being attracted by a remark-
able mystery in Chicago. In the past two years
that city received 238,733,000 pounds of but-
ter, and shipped 250,041,000 pounds. The
cow that kicked Mrs. O'Leary's lamp over must
have survived the conflagration, and is getting
in some big work.—*Harrisburgh Patriot*.

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